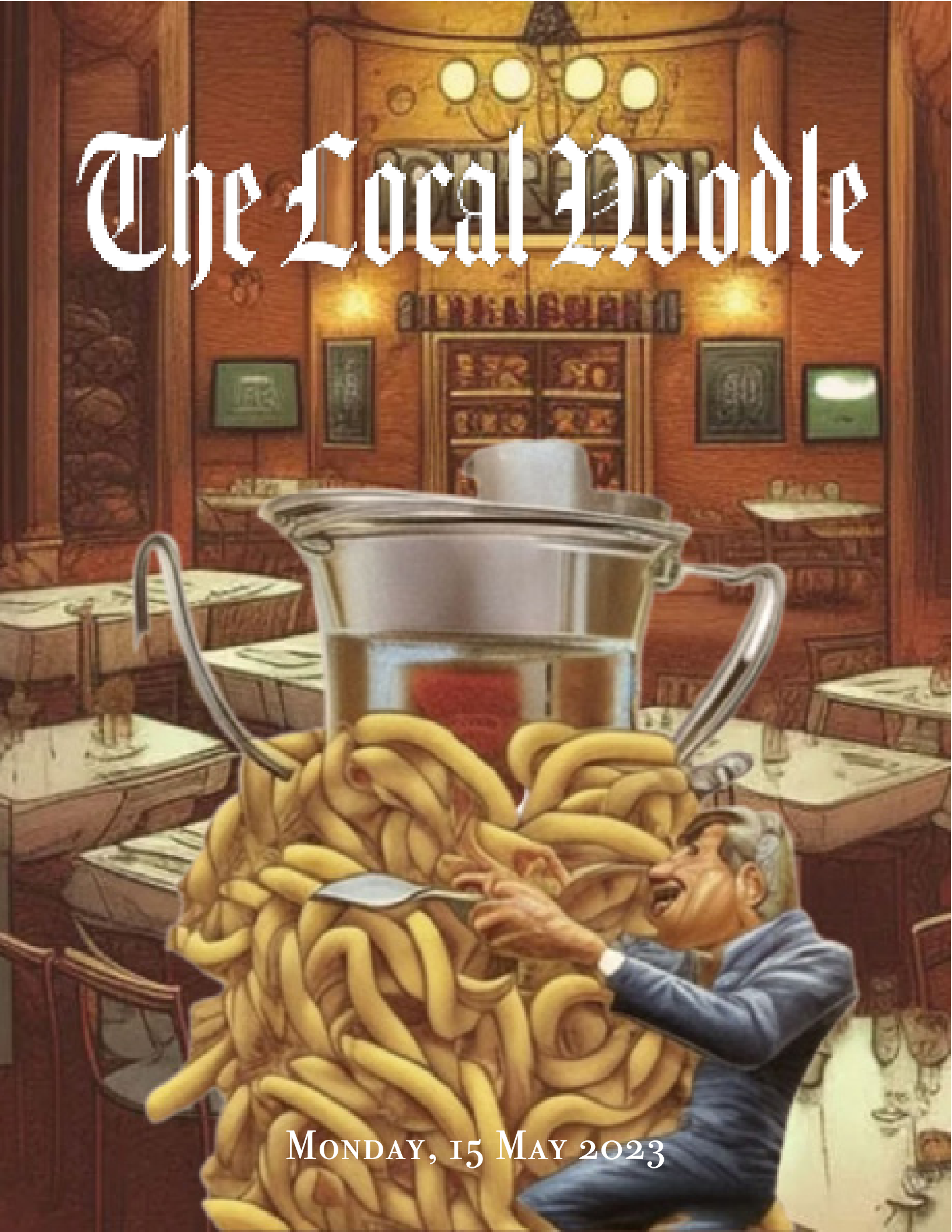
The Local Noodle



Monday, 15 May 2023

Editorial

Recently, it was brought to the attention of the *Noodle* editorial board that only two percent of the student body voted in the most recent Community Council election. You may be asking yourself – what is the Community Council? When did they have an election? How did you learn this information? To you, we reply: Unclear, unclear, and we skimmed the email after initially ignoring it because it had been sent from the Community Council.

Still, this is an outrage. An injustice. A blatant disregard of the democratic institutions we hold so dear. No matter what this "Community Council" does, we, as a student body, should be voting for it. Or against it. Whatever it is.

The point is, the *Noodle* firmly endorses voting. We don't know what voting does in this instance – we didn't read that far down in the email. Nevertheless, we are always pro-voting, whether it be for prom king, a faceless member of the government's bureaucracy, or the winner of American Idol. Voting is the only way we can affect change in this society – did we not all watch *Schoolhouse Rock*'s "Election Collection?"

So, to all you Middlebury students out there, shame! Shame upon you! Does the Council of Community mean nothing to you? It doesn't matter that the election was uncontested. We should be getting out the vote! It is at this point that the *Noodle* would like to present our newest voter incentivization scheme: three thousand Noodlebucks, redeemable only at our soon-to-be-opened merch store / castle, provided proof of voting is given. Until then, thank you to the fifty-four students of Middlebury College who did vote – it is they who know what democracy, what community, what council is all about. From the silent minority, we have a lot to learn.

The Local Noodle

EMMA TZOTSCHEW *Editor-in-Chief*
SKILES ROBERTS-SALVADOR *Court Ordered*
DAVID FACTOR *Catty*
LUCAS FLEMMING *Playing Catch*
PATRICK HENDERSON *Old Sport*
CAROLINE HARDING *Peace Corps*
CECE CALDWELL *Scrub Mommy*
AK PELLETIER *Mature for His Age*
JACOB COLLIER *Birthday Boy*
CASSIE ELISH *Philanthropist*
OSCAR FLEET *Baconator 3000*
CESCA MEDEIROS *Lice Girl*
ANDY CAO *Ineffective Egoist*
JOEY DISORBO *Two Weeks' Notice*
SOFIA SUTTER *Eepy*
JIM REILY *Teacher's Pet*
MANNY FORS *Kin*
GRIFF CLINTON **Liked an Image**

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WD-40
KEEP IT SLICK.
Not compatible with latex

Lavender Graduation Inspires Queer Marketing Tactics

Due to a low number of initial RSVPs, staff at the Anderson Freeman Center (AFC) have implemented nonstandard recruitment strategies to get more LGBTQ+ seniors registered for this year's Lavender Graduation.

AFC lead and gay male specialist for this campaign, Hetbut Wokeman, shared his strategy with The Noodle: "I'm spending most of my time using Grindr to recruit seniors. First I tried sending go/lavgrad to various users, but when that didn't work, I switched to a more in-person outreach strategy." Wokeman claims to have personally
recruited at least twenty gay male students in the past weeks, mostly in various dorm rooms and public bathrooms across campus.

"I'm running multiple lesbian drive-in theaters throughout the campus's parking lots, featuring student films like 'Subaru is the Warmest Color,' the AFC's lesbian expert, Sapphica Sizzorin, shared. "I'm also partnering with Proc's dining staff to throw a 'The L-Word' themed dinner consisting of lentils, lasagna, and lamb stew. Finally, the dishwashers have agreed to play the Indigo Girls throughout the week."

Another AFC intern, Gaybie Douglas, has been dealt the task of recruiting bisexual, pansexual, and asexual seniors. To make her outreach methods more inclusive, she has been helping the campaign by shouting, "Queer!" at a random sample of Ross-goers during the lunch rush.

For trans and nonbinary recruitment, lead ally Buddy Leight organized a 'Free Access to Binders' event to provide support and register students for Lavender Graduation. "I heard that they really need places to store their class notes, and I just want to help in whatever way I can," he stated.

Although the AFC has spent most of their time on recruitment, they are also working hard on the event itself. Rather than a cane and a diploma, seniors going to the Lavender Graduation can expect a fabulous gift bag including a gift card to Aubuchon Hardware, a sample set of Vermont-made poppers, and a personal video message from the Rutland drag queen Ellen Degenerate. Staff member, Allai She-Hah, also stated, "The AFC is excited to announce that this year's Lav Grad speaker will be Martha P. Johanson, a local Addison County activist who 'threw the first brick at Cornwall.'"

Hej! Middlebury's Worst Incoming First Years Sent to Copenhagen for Fall Semester

In an unorthodox response to Middlebury's ongoing housing crisis, college officials have decided to send the thirty-two incoming freshmen who least deserve to be at Middlebury to Copenhagen for their first semester.

"We are ecstatic to welcome the class of 2027 to Middlebury's verdant campus. We are slightly less excited to welcome the thirty-two members of that class who were admitted by clerical error. For that reason, the Middlebury community has come to the unanimous decision to banish these losers to Copenhagen for their first semester," Dean of Admissions Brib Eme wrote in a leaked internal email.

"We're glad they'll be in Copenhagen this fall, mostly because then they'll be 3,649 miles from here."

"These students would have been the absolute bottom of the barrel of Middlebury College. Hailing mostly from boarding schools, if they'd been allowed on campus, they would have immediately taken up skipping the Ross line on General Tso's night, joining improv groups, and lobbying for bone marrow transplants outside Axinn. We're glad they'll be in Copenhagen this fall, mostly because then they'll be 3,649 miles from here," SGA President Arnold Palmer told The Noodle.

"I was honestly super stoked to have gotten into Middlebury College – I can't believe my inflated GPA and countless SAT retakes got me here!" said William Wallace Willington the Third, one of the Middlebury Thirty Two. "Before hearing about my semester abroad, I was planning on a packed fall at Middlebury, consisting of walking onto the football team, trying to get into closed townhouse parties, and performing at least five red dot level offenses before Thanksgiving break. I'm excited for Cope, though. As the Danes told me, 'gå væk udlændinge!' I think that means welcome to Copenhagen."

Man With One of the Easiest Lives in Human History Threatens to Kill Himself Over Housing

Last Thursday, a local man with one of the easiest lives in human history vocally and repeatedly threatened to end his own existence over the fact that he "got a shit housing slot."

"I'm going to fucking shoot myself," declared Priv Ledge '24.5 in the middle of Proctor Dining Hall, despite having a standard of living higher than medieval royalty or Gilded Age magnates. "It's so over," he continued, before finishing his 1,900 calorie meal, made with ingredients from around the world. He then walked back to the safety of the heated room his parents pay for, dressed in warm, comfortable clothes that his ancestors of five generations ago would have literally killed for.

"I just can't deal with my life right now," said Ledge later that night, speaking to his mother on a phone with more computing power than was used to send a man to the moon. "It's so hard. I got rejected by Morgan Stanley, my professors suck, and on top of that, they bombed the Grille."

Ledge, who hails from a zip code with a higher GDP than the nation of Guinea, has never held paid employment in his life. Despite this, he frequently reports feeling "overworked" and "stressed" by the classwork he has to do for his Political Science major.

"This stupid housing process just adds to his woes," added Nepa O'Baby, Ledge's long-distance girlfriend, when asked for comment. "My poor boyfriend is already working so hard, and to have Middlebury mess with him like that is just really difficult. Instead of getting a large, heated, comfortable room two minutes from the dining halls, it now might be up to seven minutes from the nearest dining hall," said Ms. O'Baby, a first year analyst at Barclays paid $120,000 a year to make powerpoints.

Op-Ed: Smash the Matriarchy!

It has recently been brought to my attention that a group of so-called "empowered" women are in the process of building a reproductive justice mini golf course. And sure, okay, fine, we need to give the females their time in the spotlight. But what ever happened to equality?

If these pussy hat princesses want to build their little golf course, then fine. But here's my proposition: a Meninist Golf Course—not mini golf, obviously, because size matters—built directly next to it.

What will this extravaganza entail, exactly? Players, equipped with long, hard clubs and two delicate balls will move around the 18-hole course, and every hole will raise awareness about an issue uniquely facing men today. I don't want to spoil all of what we've got cooking, but look forward to holes titled *Why is My Taint So Itchy?* and *So, Your Girlfriend Wants to Put it in the Butt?*

These misandrists are ridiculing that which is at the core of our male identity: prancing the fields side by side, in khaki and salmon, just for that incredibly short lived thrill of putting it in the hole for a minute. I mean, what's next? Will I have to call the hot cart girls hot cart *people*?

And yes, there will be a tournament and the winner will be declared the Master of All Holes (or those of legal age, at least). These people need to understand that life is a competition. After all, we don't go around playing with their dolls, so who are they to play with our balls?

My boyfriend thinks my music taste is stupid. Every time I try to put Lana Del Rey on, he scoffs and suggests something a bit more substantial like Car Seat Headrest's fourth unreleased album. What should I do?

Wow. A Lana Del Rey fan? Erm, I think I've found my twin flame. Personally, I would ask you to turn my girl Lizzy Grant up to an eleven because 'Summertime Sadness' is LITERALLY my theme song. It makes me so mad that most guys don't appreciate our music taste. AHHHH, injustice just makes me so mad. I just want the world to be a harmonious place for my future daughters Betty and Augustine. Omg, I totallyyy just exposed myself as a Swiftie fan there haha. Don't tell me you like her too, or I might have to track you down. Just kidding, hahah. But anyway, you should leave him.

My boyfriend thinks it's dumb that I'm a gender studies major. How do I respond?

Well, personally I would never do this to my girl. I think we should all study females more. I study it soooo much, I know everything – every part – of it. But, I don't know, maybe it's just a me thing because I love women too much. Other guys don't get it, but you deserve someone that does. For you, I would tattoo little Miss Ruth Bader Ginsburg on my left cheek (or cheeks haha). Like, I LOVE my mom. TOTAL mama's boy right here, guilty as charged. She breastfed me until I was like 11. Damn, sometimes I still do it – like a little milky water fountain, you know? How can one not be fascinated by the female form?

Best private space to hook up on campus?

I've heard Forrest 403 has a really sexy vibe. Omg! I totally just accidently put my room number, oops! Stop by to chill whenever though.

Do my arms look big in this dress? Be honest.

I really appreciate you writing in, uh, and I think, uh, that your arms do indeed look big. Like, huge actually. Really fucking big. Crush me, muscle mommy.

Be My Match!: Football Conducts Spit Tests to Guarantee Future D1 Babies

*L*ast week, the football team launched their 'Be My Match!' initiative, a saliva-collecting drive intended to identify potential breeders with whom to make D1 babies. Borrowing tactics from the annual bone marrow donor drive, underclassmen football players lightly harassed passerbys across campus while shaking three inch vials of spit with strength, endurance, and agility nucleotide-reactant enzymes.

The footballers cited both post-playoff depression and INTD0302: Life of Meaning when asked to explain the genesis of 'Be My Match.' "Life of Meaning taught us that our out-of-play grievances could be solved with a future focus and a communal life odyssey. It's about repurposing our purpose, and also using the school for all it is," said Kevin 'The Hawk' Treadwell '24, a wide receiver for the Panthers and a key organizer of BMM. "Where else will we have access to such a large pool of athletic, wealthy, and eligible bachelorettes on whom we can perform
genetic compatibility testing?"

The testing, which repurposed vials left over from covid surveillance, used a sophisticated saliva test to find athletic genes that, in combination with the players' own, would produce NCAA Division I bound children in just twenty developmental years after conception. "Being able to drink milk is a must," added team manager Conque Cussionne '23.5. "If the LCT gene stops producing lactase after childhood, there's no shot at D1. No shot."

Some have expressed concern over the tone of the drive, believing it reminiscent of eugenics. The use of the term "breeder" among the organizing parties has also raised questions. Treadwell and his co-coordinator Ted Frenegan '23, a starting running back, have remained steadfast in the ethics and efficiency of their initiative. "Look, if the teams are going to swap spit with tiny blondes every weekend anyway, may as well see if they've genetically got what it takes to be an ACC parent, too," said Treadwell. "Besides, this is slightly more ethical and inclusive than swiping through Tinder or strategizing the bar night landscape for love, lust, and legacy."

"Agreeing to a test doesn't mean you're a match," added Frenegan. "However, if you are, you'll need to see Tony in the blue polo at table two to sign a prenup."

Formula One Fans Confused by Critical Race Theory Class

The Formula One season is an exciting time for fans of automobile racing. Unfortunately, to the disappointment of several student F1 fans, none of the aspects of the race – from competitive strategy to car engineering – will be alluded to in Middlebury's newest course offering, Critical Race Theory 101.

Lightnie McQuenne, a self-described "F1 enthusiast" who "drag races in his spare time," told The Noodle about his first day in the class: "I had come prepared with my ranking of races, you know, like a tier list. As soon as I pulled it out, though, I was asked to leave. I didn't even get to show it to anyone. And, if you're wondering, yes, Monza is in the S tier. Temple of speed, baby!"

"Some races are just better than others," said Charles Leclerc, seventh-ranked F1 racer in the world and Middlebury College's newest transfer student. "There's no doubt that Monaco is an outdated course, given how fast the cars are now. Passes are nearly impossible!"

Some students were reluctant to accept the fact that Critical Race Theory 101 focuses not on a bunch of cars going zoom around different tracks, but instead on the study of how racism permeates every level of society. Said Fer Ari, class of '23 , "Yeah, I get that race can have multiple meanings. But come on: Not only is it F1 Season, the class is in Carr Hall!"

The students' confusion is not without precedent – administrators have long grappled with the unfortunate homophone during course registration periods. Past mix-ups include "Race and Capitalism" (which is not about the business of automobile racing), "Deconstructing Race" (which is not about taking racetracks apart), and the particularly deceptive "Intro to Race Studies: Driving Forces" (about which nobody seems to know anything).

“It’s going down for real,” says Middlebury Student Seconds Before Bombing the Grille

Last Sunday night, Detto Nayshin ‘25 was caught frantically assembling a bomb within the Grille bathroom. In the wake of Sage the Gemini’s explosive concert earlier this semester, Nayshin began threading together his master plan.

“It was there the whole time, right in front of my face,” said Nayshin, “‘GAS pedal’? ‘Tick Tick BOOM’? ‘COLLEGE Drop’? ‘Do it BIG’? ‘DIE For It’? Sage wants me to bomb the Grille. He’s begging for it,” Nayshin said maniacally, as ominous ticking was heard from one of the stalls.

Nayshin was first spotted Sunday night at 10:47 in the second floor men’s bathroom. “I didn’t even know there was a guy in there,” reflected Nate Oh ‘25.5, “I went in to rip a piss and I noticed a mountain of wires and heard, faintly, someone chanting the lyrics to Sage the Gemini’s 2017 hit ‘Whachachacha’–it was uncanny.”

Oh was able to escape from the Grille before the bomb went off. From Voter, he witnessed the tremendous explosion that ripped through the building, moments after a thunderous scream of “IT’S GOING DOWN FOR REAL!” was heard echoing across the Quad.

“We are truly shocked and saddened by all the money – I mean lives – that were lost on Sunday,” said school administrator Tor T’lawyer. “The liability issues arising from the bombing are truly going to be tragic for the school, with payouts in the high tens of millions at least. The insurance companies are being real d-bags, too. I mean, this was clearly an act of God, and…” Mr. Tlawyer trailed off momentarily, before adding “And I guess it’s sad that green goddess smoothies are now things of the past.”

As of Tuesday, the school has put plans to rebuild the Grille on hold due to “inflation” and “environmental concerns.”

Middlebury Sailing Lost at Sea

With the return of warm weather came the return of Middlebury Sailing – but not for long. Club leaders announced via a message in a bottle that they were “lost at sea” with an “uncertain” return date.

Batten Hatches and Ilsa Berg, Club Sailing Presidents, were last seen in person on Lake Dunmore, leading an eight person crew down towards an unoccupied boat. When confronted with the fact that the boat was owned by the University of Vermont Marine Research Department, they appeared unfazed: “We’ve worked something out.”

One onlooker, a man who goes by “Scallywag,” remembers that “conditions were perfect, aye. Not a cloud in the sky.” Middlebury’s one and only sailing boat was last seen being pushed out into the lake, with cries of “ahoy!” and “back to the motherland” echoing behind them.

When confronted with the fact that Vermont is landlocked, and therefore reaching the ocean is virtually impossible, Batten wrote a second message in a bottle, this one decreeing that “if you follow the nooks and crannies of this here mountain state down towards the coast you’ll get there… you’ll get there.”

The note continued, “That being said, we are anticipating a lucrative spring. We’ve acquired a parrot and an old-fashioned cannon, and are planning on engaging in some playful skulduggery to keep ourselves afloat. And by that I mean we will have stolen millions in valuables by the end of May.”

Stomp at WOMP: New Performance Series Encourages Students to Make Music with Bodies, Not Mouths

"We want student performers to get inventive, innovative, and, for the love of God, shut their traps."

Mandy Groce, the president of the Gamut Room, Middlebury's premier music performance space, sat down with me in a crowded Crossroads Cafe. A fifth year senior—she took some time off due to the pandemic and "needing time to try molly without the pressure of schoolwork or chance of seeing my ex" ---she occupied the seat across from me with maturity and a subtle punk disdain for the study scene around us. It was clear she had 'been there, done that,' which is exactly why her peers on the Gamut Room staff applaud her no-nonsense approach to performance programming—including the controversial, but well theoretically backed, introduction of 'Stomp at WOMP.'

Stomp at WOMP, which will replace the beloved Wednesday Open Mic Party this month, encourages musical acts to take the stage without instrumental or vocal elements. Instead, performers will be tasked with using their bodies to create music. It's a radical change to the tradition, which has otherwise been heralded as an inclusive stage for rookie and seasoned musicians alike.

Through our conversation over lattes—I sipped a half-sweet iced maple latte with oat, she took a hot matcha with whole—Groce maintained her belief in the decision. In her striking black leather jacket and platform Doc Marten Chelsea boots, she nodded along to my questions about the ritual and ceremony that formerly took the stage every Wednesday before stopping me with an interjection of theory: "Stomp at WOMP isn't about excluding voice, it's about including bodies, body language, and the embodied practice of dancing, slapping skin, and expressing musicality through limbs of all kinds. I am also sick and tired of the acoustic whine of Elliott Smith covers that inhibits my ability to feel joy on Wednesday nights."

Mandy Groce shook her wolfish shag then, the black strands falling across her face messily, but captivatingly. Her cool girl allure was hard to pull away from. The din of Crossroads and barista aux fell below my attention threshold as she smiled meanly around the room and lowering her voice: "The unmusical sheep here just don't get it. Art is embodied, art is symphonic, art is cacophonic, art dies a little every time a self-taught guitarist tries out something 'they've been working on' in front of a crowd of first-years excited to be drunk on a Wednesday."

MIDD MARRIAGE PACT

2023 EDITION

Are you a man or a woman?

a. yes
b. no

If a man, are you straight?

a. yes
b. no

If yes, look at this picture.

Are you sure?

a. yes
b. no

Do you like money?

a. yes
b. no

Are you dyslexic?

a. yse
b. no

我明天要在十字路口咖啡馆引爆炸弹吗？

a. 我要为中国特色社会主义争光。
b. 我是一个美国的资本主义的猪。

If you selected mostly As, your perfect match is Liam Olcott.
If you selected mostly Bs, your perfect match is Liam Olcott.